

Snow Day by daughterofeve16

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Steve H.

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-14 18:44:33

Updated: 2018-01-14 18:44:33

Packaged: 2019-12-17 00:15:31

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,451

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hawkins is blessed with a snow day, and the kids refuse to let Steve have any peace and quiet. Chaos ensues. Post-Season 2. One-shot.

Snow Day

A/N: Hey, everyone! Thanks for checking out this story! This is my take on what a snow day would be like for our favorite residents of Hawkins. We all know the kids would give Steve more than he bargained for! :) All credit goes to Netflix and the Duffer Brothers.

"Steve, do you copy? Over."

"Steve... over."

"Waaaaaaake uuuuuup. Over."

"*purr noise* Over."

Steve Harrington reluctantly pulled the covers from his face and checked his alarm clock. 8:17. He reached for the walkie-talkie perched on his nightstand, knowing that responding would be the only way to get Dustin to shut up.

"Don't you dipshits know what a snow day means? It means you get to sleep in," he stated. His voice was gravelly with fatigue.

"Not for us it doesn't. We're planning a day of epic proportions, and you're going to be a part of it. Over," Dustin responded. Steve sighed. As much as he enjoyed spending time with the middle schoolers—and truly, he did—he had to admit that he needed some sleep. He was having nightmares more frequently now, no thanks to the demogorgon, demodogs, and other terrors that had erupted over the past year, and he honestly just wanted to lounge around all day. Sweatpants, bed, and a microwave dinner sounded more appealing than Steve would care to admit.

"Sorry, Dustin, but I don't think it's going to work for me today."

"What do you mean it's not going to work for you today?" Dustin sounded appalled. "And you have to say 'over' when you're done talking so I know you're finished, dipshit."

"Hey! I'm the one that gets to call names, dipshit." There was a long

pause.

"I'm waiting..." Dustin finally said. Steve sighed.

"Over."

"That's better. Now, we need you at the Byers' house at 9:00 sharp. Jonathan picked all of us up already, so you don't have to worry about that. Mike is working on getting Hopper to drop off El. And dress warm. Trust me, you'll want to. Over."

Steve flopped deeper into his bed, weighing his options. He could stay here all day. The house was empty—his parents were on a business trip *again*—and for once he actually liked the quiet. And he really, really did need sleep. He leaned back against his headboard. Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of a picture frame on the wall. Along with the walkie-talkie currently clutched in his hand, the kids had surprised Steve with a framed photo of the group as a Christmas present. All the kids were in it, including Eleven. In the photo, Mike had his arm around El and was looking at her rather than the camera. El was smiling wide and blushing; Steve wondered if this was the first picture she'd ever had taken of her. Beside Mike was Lucas. He was wearing that ridiculous camouflage bandana Rambo-style, and sported a cheesy grin, winking at the camera. Max was leaning into him and held his hand. Her wild, red hair spilled onto Lucas' shoulder and partially covered her smile. Will stood beside Max and gave a huge thumbs-up to the photographer, who Steve presumed to be Jonathan. That left Dustin on the end. He wore his signature red-white-and-blue baseball cap, curls spilling out on every side. He donned the toothiest grin Steve had ever seen. *Man*, Steve thought. *Those shitheads are something else.*

"Dammit," Steve cursed to himself, knowing he just *couldn't* tell the kids no. He brought the walkie-talkie to his mouth. "I'll be there. Over."

"Yes! Remember, dress warm! See you soon, buddy! Over and out," Dustin replied.

"Over and out." Steve took a minute to collect himself. He untangled from the covers and ran a hand through his messy hair. He looked at

the clock. 8:22. It took ten minutes or so to get to the Byers' residence, so he didn't have much time to get ready. He willed himself out of bed and took a quick, hot shower. He changed into a pair of jeans and a t-shirt, throwing a green sweater over the top. He devoted a few minutes to styling his hair because *no one* likes bedhead, and then he hurried downstairs to heat up a Pop-Tart. It may not be the breakfast of champions, but he figured he'd need at least some energy for whatever the kids were planning. After scarfing down the food, Steve slipped on a pair shoes, his watch, and a fleecelined jean jacket. He grabbed his keys and wallet and headed out the door.

As soon as Steve stepped outside it became obvious why school had been cancelled. At least five inches of snow covered the ground, and more was falling, albeit lightly. *Well, this will be fun to drive in*, Steve thought. Truthfully, he was glad Jonathan had already picked up the kids. Steve didn't know what he would do if something happened while he was behind the wheel and the kids were with him. Pushing the thought away, he trudged through the snow to the garage. He climbed into his car, letting it heat up for a couple minutes as he pulled on his gloves. When the temperature moved from 'I-hate-Indiana' to 'I-can-sort-of-feel-my-fingers,' Steve put the car in drive.

Powering through the snow was a chore, but soon he found himself on the poorly-plowed main road into town. By this time, he only had a few minutes left to meet Dustin's deadline. He wasn't going to press his luck, though. Steve Harrington may be a lot of things, but he was not an idiot, no matter how much Nancy Wheeler begged to differ. He wondered briefly if she was invited to this shindig; after all, Jonathan did go to her house to pick up Mike. He'd find out soon enough. After a few slips and slides, Steve rolled into the Byers' driveway at 9:07. Okay, so he was a little late, but whatever. He figured this made up for all the times he was left waiting outside of Max's house while Lucas took TEN YEARS to tell her goodbye and all the other various times the kids had caused him grief. He got out of the BMW and immediately noticed how quiet it was. Usually he could hear the kids making a racket inside, but right now there was nothing. He had half a mind to retrieve the nail bat from his trunk just in case, but he refrained. He trekked up to the Byers' front porch and knocked on the front door.

"Will? Dustin? I'm here," he called. Silence. No shuffling around in the house, nothing. To say Steve was concerned would be an understatement. There had been way too much shit going on lately for his mind not to wander.

"If you don't answer in five seconds I'm busting down the door. Five, four, three, tw—" Steve was cut off before he could finish by a hard *something* assaulting his left shoulder. "The hell?" Steve cursed as he turned around.

"You're late." Dustin stood about five feet in front of him, arms crossed over his chest. He wore a thick, white jacket which made him resemble a marshmallow. Before Steve could respond something cold and white struck his left hip. A snowball. The culprit, Mike, emerged from a bush with a grin on his face. Almost instantaneously Lucas rolled out from under Jonathan's car and threw a snowball in Steve's vicinity. Steve ducked, and it narrowly missed his head. Max jumped out from behind a tree, taking her aim.

"Charge!" Dustin yelled. The four kids ran at the teenager, snow in hand. Steve whipped around and banged on the Byers' door.

"Will! Jonathan! Let me in!" He felt the snowballs pelting his back. He knocked harder. "Guys, seriously, they're killing me!" Almost instantly the door swung open, but to his surprise, Steve was met by Jonathan holding a bucket of snow, ready to dump it on Steve's head. To his horror, Will stood in the background with Jonathan's polaroid. Steve tried to run but was cornered between the Byers' brothers and the four middle schoolers.

"Sorry, Steve. Those kids are pretty damn convincing." With that, Jonathan dumped the bucket of snow all over Steve's head. *So much for styling my hair this morning*, Steve thought as the frozen water attacked his system. He felt small patches of snow slide down his neck and onto his back. He shivered.

"You little shits better run!" Steve exclaimed, shaking the snow off his body. He took off after the kids, catching Max before she made it off the porch. He grabbed her under the arms, picked her up, and tossed her into the snow.

"Steve!" she squealed. Her words were almost indeterminable through her laughter. Steve pursued Mike next. He scooped up a handful of snow and thrust it at the Wheeler boy. Most of it landed in Mike's hood, which Steve proceeded to flip onto Mike's head.

"Seriously?" Mike complained.

"Like you have room to talk, Wheeler!" Steve yelled as he sprinted after his next victim. He spotted Lucas sneaking behind the house. Steve abruptly turned around and changed direction with hopes of cutting him off. Steve dove behind a bush and waited for Lucas to emerge from the side of the house. Steve's patience was rewarded within seconds. As soon as Lucas turned the corner, Steve leapt out from the bush and dumped an armful of snow onto Lucas' head.

"Ahhh! That's cold!" Lucas exclaimed.

"You think?" Steve laughed. He ran ahead, looking for Dustin. He figured Jonathan and Will would stay inside the house until things had cooled down a bit, relatively speaking. Steve was making a loop around the house when a snowball slammed into the back of his head, catching him off-guard. He had to admit—unlike the others, this one actually had hurt. The kids had been overly careful around Steve's head since the whole Billy thing, so he was surprised someone had hit him there. The shock of the blow sent Steve to his knees. He knew he was fine, but he still needed a minute.

"Oh shit, Steve! I'm sorry. I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to hit your head. Holy shit, I'm so sorry!" Dustin. Steve cracked a smile as an idea came to mind. Instead of getting up, Steve fell forward into the snow and laid still.

"Oh my god oh my god oh my god," Dustin repeated. Steve could hear Dustin running up to meet him.

"Is he okay?" Mike asked.

"I hit his head. I don't know, Mike!" Dustin was panicking, and Steve did feel sort of bad for what he was about to do, but he did owe the kids one. By this time Dustin was kneeling beside Steve. He felt the kid shake his shoulder.

"Hey, buddy. You okay?" Steve didn't answer.

"Roll him over. Get his face out of the snow," Mike suggested. Not wanting to truly scare the kids, Steve waited until Dustin started hauling him up and then he leapt forward, pulling Dustin into a bear hug. He quickly pinned the middle schooler to the ground.

"Got ya!" Steve exclaimed.

"Dammit, Steve! That was low." But the middle schooler was smiling.

"Sorry, but I couldn't resist the opportunity," Steve admitted.

"Yeah, yeah." Dustin sat up and brushed himself off.

"Well, this looks fun," a new voice interrupted. Steve and the kids turned around to see Hopper and Eleven standing a few feet away. "Remind me again why I'm allowing my daughter to come over and play with you hooligans?" The police chief looked pointedly at Mike. Steve didn't miss the small smile cross Eleven's face when Hopper said the word "daughter." Steve had to admit, though: it made him smile, too.

"Because El has never had a real snow day before!" Mike exclaimed, already hurrying over to the girl. To Steve, it seemed that Hopper had taken all the precautions. Eleven was decked out in snow pants, a jacket that rivaled the poofiness of Dustin's, two pairs of gloves, fur-lined boots, a wool hat, earmuffs, and an oversized scarf. Steve wondered if the poor girl could move, let alone breathe.

"Did you rob a Wal-Mart on the way over here, Hopper?" Steve joked. Hopper smirked at him.

"Real funny, kid. Unlike the rest of you idiots, at least my daughter isn't going to freeze her ass off," Hopper retorted. Steve noticed that this was the second time in thirty seconds that Hopper referred to El as his daughter. The chief must be trying to get used to the sentiment, or he just really, really liked it. Steve guessed it was the latter.

"We'll take care of her, don't worry. Besides, I doubt Mike will even let us throw a snowball anywhere near her vicinity," Steve teased.

This earned him an inappropriate hand gesture from the Wheeler boy. Steve just laughed.

"I'll be back this evening when my shift's over. Have fun, kids." He turned to go, squeezing Eleven's shoulder on his way.

"Be careful out there, Chief," Steve said. Hopper tipped his hat at him.

"Always am." With that, he headed back to the truck. At this point, Max, Lucas, and the Byers brothers had joined everyone at the side of the house.

"So... what do you guys want to do?" Jonathan wondered.

"El, have you ever made a snowman before?" Mike questioned. She raised her eyebrows.

"Snow...man?" she asked.

"It's three big circles stacked on top of each other. The bottom circle is the biggest, then the middle circle is smaller, and then the top circle is like, the size of a head," Dustin explained. He attempted to create a visual by making a circle out of his arms, but he ended up looking like an idiot. Eleven just stared at him.

"Pay no attention to him. A snowman looks like this," Steve drew a sketch of a snowman in the powder. Eleven still looked a little confused, but she understood more than from Dustin's explanation.

"I have an idea. There's eight of us. Why don't we split in half and have a competition? The biggest snowman wins. Losing team makes hot chocolate for everyone?" Lucas suggested.

"Let's. Do. It." Dustin agreed.

"Jonathan and I are team captains!" Steve declared.

"Seriously, Steve? That's not even fair!" Dustin complained.

"Oh shut up, dickhead. I was choosing you first." Dustin stuck his tongue out at Steve and Steve ruffled the boy's hair. Jonathan went next.

"Will." The younger Byers boy stood beside the older.

"Max." The redhead fell in beside Dustin.

"Mike."

"Lucas."

"Eleven." Just like that, teams were made.

"Let's go out back," Jonathan suggested. "There's more snow built up there." The group followed Jonathan behind the house.

"We'll need to set a time limit. Does anyone have a watch?" Mike asked. Steve flashed his wrist at the others.

"Got it," he said.

"Sweet," Lucas declared.

"Alright, losers. We'll take this side," Steve stood to the left side of the yard.

"Looks like we get this side, then." Jonathan moved to the right side.

"It is currently 9:34." Steve raised his voice so everyone could hear him. "That means we finish at 10:04. Ready?" He waited for the excited response from the kids. "Okay, go!" Steve and his team were in the middle of discussing strategy when they heard a loud "whoosh" and a crunch. They all whipped around and saw that Eleven had used her powers to empty the nearest tree of all its snow. Piles of snow surrounded their opponents. Eleven stood staring at them, arms crossed and smiling.

"Are you kidding me? That's not fair!" Dustin argued. Jonathan shrugged.

"Hey, we chose the teams. I picked my strengths, Steve picked his," Jonathan reasoned. He grinned.

"Okay, so they have the advantage. We'll just have to outsmart them," Steve declared. "Dustin and I will work on the bottom. Max and

Lucas, work on the middle. We'll figure out the head when we get to it. Sound good?" The kids nodded. "Alright team, break!" They got to work. Steve kept a meticulous eye on his watch, giving his team time updates every five minutes. He felt no need to keep the other side posted; they already had one advantage, and they didn't need any more.

"Alright dipshits, we've got five minutes left," Steve explained. He noticed Max looking at the other team.

"Steve, they're kicking our ass," she stated. He looked back at the other snowman. It was a solid two feet taller than theirs.

"You know, that may be true, but we put a hell of a lot more effort into this than they did," he replied.

"Let's trash it," Lucas suggested.

"What?! Ours isn't that shitty," Dustin countered.

"Not ours, stupid. Theirs," Lucas clarified.

"They'll kill us!" Dustin exclaimed.

"Wait, wait. I have an idea," Steve started. The kids leaned in to hear him. "We never made any official rules, right? We only said the biggest snowman after thirty minutes." The kids stared at him. They clearly were not catching on. He sighed. "Do I have to teach you shitheads everything? Technically, we wouldn't be breaking any rules if we attacked their snowman because there were *no rules to begin with*," he explained.

"I'm so game," Max said.

"Hell yeah!" Dustin cried.

"Let's make a game plan," Steve suggested. Lucas rolled his eyes.

"Aaaand here comes Coach Harrington," he said. Steve shoved him.

"Anyway, I'll give them a two-minute warning. Then I'll count to three. On three we go for it. I'll handle Jonathan. Dustin, you get

Mike. Lucas, you take Will. Max, you go after the snowman," he explained.

"But what about El?" Dustin wondered.

"We'll just pray she doesn't use her mind," he stated. "Everybody in?" Steve threw his hand in the middle of their circle. The kids all stared at it. Steve raised his eyebrows. "Do you guys really not know what a team huddle is? I've got to get you all active."

"I know what it is, and I'm in." Max smacked her hand on top of Steve's.

"Me, too!" Dustin joined.

"You know I'm in." Lucas placed his hand on top.

"Okay, team on three. One... two... three... team!" The kids shouted in unison with Steve and he couldn't help but smile. These brats really did make him feel like he was part of something special. Steve looked at his watch. He crouched so he was at eye-level with the kids and made his gaze intense. "It's game time," he declared. He stood to his full height.

"Alright, losers." Steve directed his yell to the opposing team. "This is the two-minute warning." They heard Jonathan chuckle.

"Losers? Have you seen your snowman?" he called. Steve lowered his voice.

"Three... two... one... Attack!" he exclaimed. As one they charged towards the towering snowman. Steve jumped and tackled Jonathan to the ground. He pinned Jonathan by the shoulders, burying him in the snow.

"What the hell, Steve?" Jonathan asked. Steve shrugged.

"I'd say sorry, but those kids are pretty damn convincing," Steve declared. Jonathan laughed.

"Well played, Harrington." Steve let go of Jonathan and the two teens watched the chaos unfold before them. Max had effectively tackled

the snowman, decapitating it and skewering herself through the middle. Dustin and Mike were rolling around on the ground, and it was unclear which had the upper hand. It was clear, though, that Mike was pissed, but the joy on Dustin's face made it worth it. Lucas was holding Will hostage; he pinned Will's arms behind his back and blindfolded him using his bandana. Will was struggling, but laughing all the same. Eleven just stood to the side, eyes wide as she watched her friends terrorize each other. Steve walked over to her.

"Sorry about that, but we're not very good at losing. Think you could rebuild it real quick?" he wondered. Instead of responding, Eleven just concentrated on the piles of snow. Within a few seconds new circles were forming, balancing on top of each other delicately. Steve had seen her powers before, but he was amazed every time. The snowman was at least seven feet tall.

"Look good?" Eleven asked after a few moments.

"Looks awesome. Do you mind if I borrow your scarf?" Steve asked. The girl furrowed her eyebrows but handed him the scarf anyway. He walked up to the snowman, realizing just how big it was. He stood on his tiptoes and wrapped the scarf around its neck.

"How's it look?" he questioned.

"Pretty," El responded. That wasn't quite the response Steve was looking for, but he smiled anyway.

"Hey, shitheads!" he yelled. "Stop fighting and look at the snowman." The kids stopped and faced the mound of snow.

"Whoa!" Dustin exclaimed.

"El did it herself," Steve declared. He smiled down at her and ruffled her hat. She blushed. "What do you think, is it done?"

"It needs arms!" Will suggested. He ran off towards the shed.

"And a hat!" Dustin echoed.

"I'll be back, I think I have a good hat in the house," Jonathan said. He jogged to the back door, Dustin in tow.

"I'm going to run out front and get some rocks for buttons and eyes," Mike stated. He grabbed Eleven's hand and dragged the girl with him.

"Max, let's go raid the fridge and see if they have a carrot for its nose." Lucas and Max disappeared into the house. This left Steve by his lonesome. He plopped down into the snow and sat cross-legged, staring up at their creation. Hands-down, this beat any snow day Steve had ever experienced. He'd gotten himself mixed up with a band of misfits, and it turned out he fit right in. Steve smiled. Soon Will returned with a couple sticks from the woods. Steve could tell the Byers boy had looked meticulously, for the sticks truly did look like arms. Will stood in front of Steve with a small smile on his face.

"Steve, do you think you could, umm, lift me up? I can't reach where its arms would be," Will admitted.

"Sure thing, kid." He stood up and lifted Will onto his shoulders. The kid laughed, and it was music to Steve's ears. Will stuck the twigs into the snowman. Steve backed up and they appraised Will's work.

"Looks great, Will!"

"Thanks, Steve." Steve kept the kid on his shoulders because feeling needed felt so damn *good*, and they waited for the others to join them. Mike and El were the next to return. They brought an assortment of rocks for the snowman's face and torso. Since Will was already on Steve's shoulders, Mike handed up the stones to him. Will arranged the stones in their proper places as Max and Lucas rejoined the party.

"Okay, so the Byers didn't have any carrots, so we thought that maybe this would suffice?" Max tossed an orange up to Will. Steve gave her a strange look.

"What? It's still orange!" she defended. The fruit looked rather disproportionate in comparison to the rest of the snowman's face, but Steve supposed that gave it some extra spunk.

"Do you guys think this hat will work?" Jonathan held up a fleece hat that resembled a lumberjack's. It sported a similar print as Eleven's scarf.

"It was either that one or my baseball cap. We agreed that this one had more snowman potential," Dustin added.

"It's perfect." Steve gave his approval. Jonathan handed the hat to his brother. Steve stretched so Will could reach the top. After the hat was properly placed, everyone took a few steps back and stared at their creation. It was massive. It was mismatched. It was magnificent.

"This calls for a picture." Jonathan broke the silence, holding up his camera. "Everyone, stand around the snowman," he said.

"No way, man. You're getting in this picture, too," Steve stated. The kids backed him up.

"But if I'm in the picture, who's going to take it?" Jonathan had a good point.

"I can," El piped in.

"No, you have to be in the picture, too!" Mike exclaimed.

"I can," she repeated, pointing at her head. She nodded towards Jonathan. He seemed to understand what she was referring to. He held the camera in the palm of his hand. Almost immediately it began to levitate. Jonathan jogged over to the snowman and everyone positioned themselves so they could be seen.

"Take the picture on three, El," Jonathan explained. She nodded. "Everyone smile! Ready? One... two... three!" Steve smiled a real, genuine smile that made his cheeks hurt and not just because of the cold. Will was still perched on his shoulders, Dustin leaned into one knee, and Max leaned into the other. He knew this picture would end up on the wall beside his other one, and he couldn't wait to get his hands on the photo Will had snapped of him earlier. Jonathan walked back up to the camera and took it from where it was suspended in midair.

"Thanks, Eleven. I'll make sure we all get a copy. How about we go inside and get some hot chocolate?" Jonathan suggested. The kids responded enthusiastically. Steve lowered Will back to the ground and watched the middle schoolers run into the Byers' house.

"They really are something, aren't they?" Jonathan turned to Steve.

"No, Jonathan. Those kids... they're everything." Jonathan clapped Steve on the back and followed the kids inside the house. Steve just smiled and jogged to catch up, grateful that those kids refused to let him have his snow day.

A/N: Thanks for reading! This was my first time writing some of these characters... I hope everyone seemed right! I'd love to hear your thoughts! Please leave a review! :)